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Then comes a large Sea-Gull, suspended in mid air by an invisible cord or string, that is plainly seen by the practical eye, the bird (what stuff) wabbles about when the talented Mark Smith, or Harold, the Sea King, takes up a span new bow and arrow, bought from a neighboring toy shop, right on the iceberg, shoots at the in-offensive though stuffed stranger, who falls of course a victim to misplaced confidence, and the man, who has let go the string; a large ship looking like several Spanish Armadas, then comes on the top of the ice—all made of beautiful canvas, painted—with one big sail, that's let down from the skies. More lovely virgins float in butter boats right in the air. Mr. G. H. Clark (looking like Ivanhoe and E. Booth mixed) and Mark Smith walk in the middle of the ocean, and step right on board this 300 gun frigate as if it were a pleasure boat, and put off to sea to marital music headed by a *Baker* so that they *doughnut* down (this is a original joik.) The dialogue seemed to me a mixture of "How to pay the Rent," "Richelieu," "Richard III," "The Honey Moon," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Pocahontas." But the scenery is certainly very fine, the costumes superb, and the acting of Mrs. Saunders, Miss Kate Newton, Mr. G. H. Clark, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Whiting, excellent.

Miss Ada and Miss Emma Webb add materially to the success of the piece, and the charming Teresa Wood is well entitled to the applause she receives. The final scenes of the "Arcadian Realms" is one blaze of glory. Red light; magnificently limbed women, and gold and silver men, dazzling to the eye, and bewildering to the senses. The house was, has been, and will be crowded. Suppressed exclamations, quite inaudible in the dim distance, but perfectly audible to those who heard 'em, went up of "Oh, how beautiful!" "Oh My!" "Isn't that nice!" "Charming!" "Oh, look at that sweet creature," "Oh—dear—me." Yes, and *Sciettenia* was there in spite of his teeth, and Col. John H. D. S., the clever editor of the *Sunday Times*, evidently delighted, and every one else in the literary, artistic, and musical world. I looked out for "Sluggie" and wondered "How" it was he wasn't there! I had forgotten to mention the "German Chorus" that sang so nicely, regretting that my friend Seymour and Charles H. Webb were not there to hear.

Some months since I had occasion to speak of the talent for painting displayed by a young lady from Vermont. I now wish briefly to chronicle the fact that one of the most remarkable surgical operations has just been performed by a young physician of this city, who also hails from the Green Mountain State, and who at no distant day will take his rank among the first surgeons in America.

He is as retiring and modest as he is talented, and it gives me infinite pleasure to introduce to my readers Dr. E. Bradley, of 55 West 24th street.

How few of the old land marks of twenty years ago exist now in New York!

Do you, Mr. Editor, recollect eating a Welsh rabbit, with me once in Thames Street, at Evans'? We had both then recently arrived from Old England, and "half-and-half" was the favorite beverage. Well, the other day I found myself once again in Thames Street, and at-

tracted by the sign of Old Tom's Chop House, at No 7; and finding it kept by the immortal and original "John Smith," in I walked, and will feebly attempt a description of what I *saw* and *did*.

The room is about twenty feet long by fifteen wide—may be more, may be less. Four or five round tables, and chairs to match, constitute the principal furniture, paintings by Vandyke, Rubens, "The Elephant and Castle," "Legs of Mutton," "Geese," and other leading articles adorn the walls. But oh! commend me to the Sanctum Sanctorum of the illustrious proprietor! It looks like an old London watch box, or a dwarfed chandler's shop! You go up three steps, and the ruby and good natured face of the stately proprietor, graciously beams on you. Here the show commences. The old "curiosity shop" is a fool to it! I will enumerate a few of leading articles:

1. An Iron beer mug drank out of by General Washington, immediately after he crossed the Delaware—on ice.
2. A blunderbuss used by the Signers of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia.
3. Some old Tom—very fine.
4. Old Cogniac, \$24 a glass—or 40 cents a gallon.
5. A cork-screw found in Noah's Ark by Dr. Kane in the Polar seas.
6. The original knife and fork used by Adam and Eve, at their wedding dinner, with the mark of "Rodgers, Sheffield, Eng." on it.
7. A Piece of the floor upon which "John Smith" stood when he married Pocahontas, lately played by the Prince of Irish Comedians, John Brougham at Stuart's Winter Garden.
8. Ale on draft.
9. No trust!

A great many more things, too numerous to mention, greet the eye, but gentle reader to the point:

Upon reading this, just go there, that's all, ask for John Smith, and if the "Reest of Seasoning" and the "Slow of Fowl" don't follow—'taint no matter. A mild and gentle poodle dog named "Kate" will gently rub against you, and a civil little English boy, fresh from "Surrey" will take your "horder." Make no mis-steak or I shall be *chop-fallen*.

At the Central Park Concert on Saturday last, where the pet conductor Harvey (Meditation) Dodworth holds forth. I find that George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is giving a series of concerts.

I've heard the song "The Bloom is on the Rye," but the Bloom that's on the Youth can be seen to great advantage at the Saturday Concerts in Central Park, where thousands of beautiful young ladies may be seen pressing round the matchless form and figure of the gorgeous proprietor, all crying for "More Bloom!"

CHARLES R. THORNE, Jr., one of the most talented young actors in America, has just arrived from California, and is engaged by Junius Brutus Booth, for his Theatre in Boston.

ONE of the finest opticians in this country, and certainly the most scientific, is H. Waldstein, whose quaint little store on Broadway near Grand is a treat to visit. He has the most varied and best assorted stock of eye glasses in

the city. A nautical man would say to all this—"eye! eye! sir!"

And now if the reader of these desultory lines will go to Frederick's Photograph Gallery, 547 Broadway, and ask for the stalwart and gigantic handsome John De Banes, give him my compliments, and ask him to show him (who?) the picture of the young tragedian, Mr. Dernier Resort, he or she will be delighted!

More next week,

PIPES.

For the American Art Journal.

SUMMER DAYS AND DREAMS.

The summer days shine fair and new as ever on this old earth, and never from bluer skies came light more clear and golden. All around, the long wavelike ridges of the hills lie back against the pale bright morning sky—billows that melt through softer and more dreamy shades of color, from the dark sombre mass of russet green skirting the waving meadow land, through breadths of dimmer semi-tone, where the light lies in a pale silvery tint, and the shadows deepen to a dusky blue; back to the clear cloudlike line of violet so pale and evanescent, and so fixed in its misty swell. All around, they close us in,—the calm, solemn, shadowy hills, that look so far away, so utterly removed into an eternal silence; so lonely in their dim, unapproachable grandeur. And, all around, the sky slopes down to meet them, and the white flocks of cloud pass, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind" in dark, floating breadths of shadow over their solitude. Away between the daisied slopes of meadow, and the dark whispering woods,—through broad sunlight and fluttering shadows, the long road winds on, and far away; up among the green swells of the nearer hills, down the steep rocky gorges, where the sunlight only trickles down in flakes and threads of gold; far on, winding beyond the mountain wall, to the world outside. Heat, and light, and silence, sleep upon mountain, upon plain, and road; and the long fields of rosy clover-blossoms, and nodding daisies; in this morning silence, so sweet and perfect, the day grows and deepens. Only the winds sweep by me over the surging trees, and like the rising moan in an ocean shell, their sighing fills the summer day with music. Listen to the harmonies of the silence! Sweeter and more subtle than any written song, or any note that human fingers could awaken, their faint, soft minors make the stillness beautiful, and give the day a soul. Is there a secret life prisoned in these knarled and knotted trunks? What wild, half-human dryad-soul sobs out the longings of her solitude, the pain of her dark prison-house, in the sob and mutter of those tossing branches, those depths of thrilling leaves, swept by the wild wandering wind? The old Greek dreams were very sweet, full of a deeper poetry than ours, that gave to every tree, and stream, and mountain-cave, its wild mystery of life, stirring in the air, pulsing in the ripple of every wave, murmuring on through every golden day, and under the solitude of starlight. Still through the silence of these wild, lonely hills, I hear the echo of those old voices, and the old idyls are eternally new in these blue summer days. For here the summer seems truly eternal. I have only seen the waves of hills with their dark sombre green: I shall never see the cold white drifts nestling in their long hollows, or remember among my dreams how this babbling brooklet on whose banks I rest, hushed its summer

music beneath a colder breath, and chained its trickling falls under ice fetters. For me, the air is always a Southern breath; the purple acres of clover send up rich wafts of June; and the wild scarlet lilies flame through the long meadow grass, among the pale blue spires of lobelia, and the golden flakes of buttercups. And when the frost-wind breathes on my city-windows its frozen fancies of summer foliage, I dream of the whispering wood-aisles, and they seem still stretching on in deathless green, far up the dear distant hills; and the pines thrill through all their aromatic green; and the maple and the birch quiver their light leaves in the warm dreamy breath of summer; while still the long mossy path is strewn with the pale shells of laurel-blossoms, and high up, and far back into the tangled growth of trees and saplings, pile the great masses of pearly white, and pure translucent rose, and the middle tint, delicate and undefined as the tinge upon a baby's cheek. All through the winter and the storms, my heart yearns back to those green Berkshire woods,—so wild; so tangled; so prisoned in the rocky hollows of the hills. Ice and snow, and raving winds may never touch them; in my loving fancy they are forever waving on in sunshine such as this—and the only snow that ever drifts upon the mossy rocks, is that fragrant storm of pure, pale laurel-cups.

From my windows, when I wake, I look out over the waving meadow-land, and see the first touches of the sun on the crests of the mountain chain. In the new-mown field that slopes below me, the robins flutter over the broad velvety reach of green, and the orioles flash past, like streaks of darting flame. Over a sloping hill, winds the stony path where the cattle go to pasture; and the low dreamy tinkle of their bells, a single lazy note dropped softly in the early stillness, comes to me with the first singing of the birds; and the first stir of life below. The sun creeps first over the blue peak of Alandor, and the long shadows stretch over the clustered woods, and the level fields. His rising glory I cannot see, only the golden javelins that kindle such a glory on those highest crests; but as the day wears on, they flame in through my open casements, and I watch the last beacon-fires burn and smoulder redly in a hollow of the hills. Then, as the soft twilight gathers, and the fields and mountains grow black against the rosy dusk in the sky, our little group gathers on the long low porch, and listen to our golden-haired prima donna, and our minstrel, waking the soft passionate chords of the guitar. He sings, and softly to the mountain echoes floats the deep thrill of his low tender voice, in sad old love-songs, and plaintive *chansons*, such as troubadour and minstrel may long ago have sung under tower and lattice. The starlight shows us his lazy figure half reclined, and his hands just stirring on the strings; the face with its lines so pure and chiseled, lifted to the stars; the broad, grey sombrero, slouched above the straight, clear brows and the soft eyes. He sings; and we hear the chime of "Limerick bells" at even-tide, with all the melancholy prisoned in their tones—those "tears of music," whose voice has but one wild, longing tone; whose utterance is but half articulate. On "the cold grey stones" we hear the breaking and the sobbing of the sea, as he sings of a day forever dead, and a hand whose fingers clasp and cling no more. Deep in "Juanita's" Southern eyes the golden Southern moonlight dreams and glows; and we, sitting silent in the odorous dark, with the warm white stars sown broadcast over the purple arch, and the hot red sparkles of the fire-

fies floating over the black fields, and against the mountain side—dream back into the realm of song and passion, and through that glorious darkness, and that wild, sad music, feel the throbbing of the tropics' fiery heart.

So the summer days wear on; each one an idyl, perfect, and eternally new. In the tremulous Southern breezes, come whispering back the dreams of summer days so long ago, that they seem dim visions dropped from some other world. The wind that rustled the leaves, and chased the light shadows over my head, in the earliest of my summer days, comes more tenderly and pityingly now, and seems to linger, sorrowing, with its light hand stirring in my hair. The old charms and childish fancies come again with you, oh gentle summer wind! but they left their glory and their glamour where no breeze can waken, and no longing call them back. The laughter that rippled them in rustling leaves and falling water, turned long ago to sobbing; but I mourn you not, wild music that knew no minor key! In the infinity of longing, in the tenderness of memory, in the delicious pain that comes ever with the highest note of human bliss and passions, I recognize the shining of a life more glorious than those first weak dreams of childhood could contain. And gone forever, like the cloud-towers that spanned the golden sky with last night's sunset, the old dream-castles have faded back in the dawning of a more perfect summer day.

MINETTE.

ARABIAN MUSIC AT THE POMPEIIAN PALACE, PARIS.

PARIS, JULY 17th, 1866.

A very interesting series of concerts, called "soirees pompeiennes" took place recently at the Pompeii Palace, Avenue Montaigne, Paris. "In this most suitable building for such a purpose," says our correspondent, "Mr. Salvador Daniel has brought out his Oriental music, his Rabyle songs, his rhythms of the desert and his 'modes diaboliques.'" This Mr. Salvador Daniel is a patient and conscientious musician, who has lived many years in Algiers. He has travelled through the whole country as far as Tunis in the East, and the land of Morocco in the West, listening to and everywhere gathering up the popular airs, and keeping company with the half wild native artists in order to learn from them the secrets of their mystic repertoire. He has thus collected, besides many national songs of the Arabs, very valuable elements for a comparative study of the European and Oriental music.

Mr. Daniel has had the good taste to call to his assistance several excellent virtuosi, recruited from the opera orchestra, and he truly gave us the sweetest blossoms of the melodies which he brought back from his excursions. Incoherent, strange, fatiguing at first, this music with its violent transitions and its melodious zigzags, disturbs completely ones notions of harmony. It lacks repose and connexion, it runs madly into savage modulations and into revolting scales.—But listen—there is light coming. The monotonous accompaniment of cymbals which replace the Oriental tarabouque soon carry one's mind into a state of reverie, which certainly has its charms. These fragments of melody passing swiftly by without being comprehended, and which vanish when we fancy them still at hand,

are nevertheless captivating by their strangeness and by an almost overwhelming softness.

There is an abyss between the Arabian "mode" and the scale of civilized nations. The latter reveals an organized community, the glorification of labor; the former is the symbol of degraded labor, the tone of the ever wandering tribe. There are moments in life when we are glad to leave the methodical ways of the city for a trip among the savage tribes for a breath of the keen breeze of the desert. To the searching minds, fatigued and harassed with civilization and exuberant music, Mr. Salvador Daniels' Arabian melodies are highly commendable.

However, as these Algerian and Carthaginian songs can neither please everybody, nor be appreciated by the millions, the manager of the Pompeii Palace theatre has brought a squadron of Moorish ballet dancers whose classical forms will doubtless enhance the plastic perfection of their choregraphic performances.

Strauss had been expected to come through the Prussian lines from Vienna, but his terms were scented with a *sine qua non* of the Adelina Patti style, and the great leader was left to cheer up his countrymen at home.

Just before going to post, I am informed that a Chinese opera troupe organised at San Francisco will leave shortly for your city. This will create a sensation among the theatrical managers of the East and there will doubtless be a rush for the next Panama steamer. The thing is said to have been kept very quiet.

HARMONICUS.

OH, LADY, TAKE THESE BUDS AND FLOWERS.

SONG.

TO C. S. H.

BY "JEEMS PIPES, OF PIPESVILLE."

Oh! Lady, take these buds and flowers,
And twine them in thy nut brown hair;
And I will weave for thee a wreath
Richer than any queen could wear;
For thou shouldst have a coronet,
Not glittering with costly gem,—
The primrose and the violet
Should be thy queenly diadem.

The jessamine bank shall be thy throne;
The hawthorne blossoming
Shall yield their fragrance for thee,
While the song of the nightingale and honey
bee
Shall be thy music;
While the shade of leafy bowers and myrtle
green,
Shall weave for thee a sanctuary
Where thou shall dwell in peace serene.

Then Lady, take these buds and flowers,
And twine them in thy nut brown hair
And I will weave for thee a wreath
Richer than any queen could wear;
For offerings of gold and gems,
Lady! I would not bring to thee—
But weave a wreath whose blossoming,
May bloom in immortality!